

Dear Mother, Father, and Pete:

Talking to you last night was unusually satisfactory I heard you very distinctly, and got you within five minutes of the time the messenger told me you were calling.

I had intended to sleep late this morning and get as long a night as I have been getting in the Infirm but my plans miscarried, as I woke up wide awake at six o'clock.

The tonic the doctor gave me is a brownish red liquid which has a very familiar taste. I think I have had it in my childhood. One of the faculty who had also getting it said she thought it was Gray's (?) Glycerin. Does that mean anything to you?

I felt very peppy yesterday and thought I would be able to get some work done, but at four o'clock the pep all suddenly disappeared and I rested till six, and went to bed after I spoke to you and read a play in bed. So I certainly am taking care of myself--necessity is forcing it, I guess.

I am going to work for three hours till lunch time now.

The maid greeted me when I came home yesterday morning with the announcement that I looked fat, and when I didn't take to it very graciously, she suggested that coughing had rounded out my cheeks!

Mary Baxter, a classmate of mine, the girl Uncle Ike treated to dinner with me Thanksgiving sophomore year on my way home, is leaving today for good. She got enough credits to graduate in three and a half years, and is coming back married for commencement. Why didn't you try something like that, Mother? Although since the lady from 1909 is back, I wouldn't be surprised to see you any time!

Love,

Fannie

Feb. 25, 1923

